



gardyloo

literature & arts magazine

volume twenty-one issue two





The first gardy**loo**
was published in 1996.

It's as old as a lot of
our staff, and we like to
think that it's growing
along with us.

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colophon

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Specimen 3 (Screenprint) Hattie Eshleman

letters from the editors

There are two types of people who read the letter from the editors:

First, there are those dedicated souls who devour the magazines as soon as they come out, and to you, I thank you. I hope you've enjoyed my time as EIC of this magazine. If not, then be happy to know this is my last semester.

Second, there are those future students who are looking through old archives and have stumbled upon Volume 21 Issue 2. If that is you, may I make a suggestion? When you're done with this magazine, check out the crime-themed Gardy Loo (volume eight, I believe?). That staff really dedicated themselves to their design, real mugshots and all. It's quite a ride.

But whether you're in 2017 or 2070, this is a great magazine. The staff has come a long way in my two years as Editor-in-Chief, and I like to think that I've grown too. In my two years, we've added Design Committee, Copy-Editing, Art Series, a new website, and a blog series, and we've improved our social media presence exponentially. Plenty of people who aren't me made these things happen, but, for now, I'm going to take all the credit.

But here's a secret: despite all my learning and changing and growing and whatnot, I've never been published in Gardy Loo. Not once. But the future EIC and current Managing Editor, Kathryn Walker, made the very valid point that this is my letter, and I can publish a poem whether you—the reader—like it or not. And given the slight obsession leadership had with haikus this year, I thought I'd write one just for you.

And so, here it is—the debut work of Kaitlyn Miller:

My time is ending
at the helm of Gardy Loo.
Shout out to my mom*.

*And thus ends the time-honored tradition of me graciously mentioning my mother in my letter, despite her never, ever, EVER reading it... Love you, Mom.

Kaitlyn Miller
Editor-In-Chief

You'd think that after four semesters as an editor, I'd be able to write one of these letters in my sleep... No dice. Sometimes it takes me longer to whip up this portion than it does for me to design one of the magazine spreads, which is really just embarrassing. Over the semesters, I've imagined a devoted group of fans who are silently dying to read my letters every issue, but in reality I'm sure many of you are tired of seeing my name in this spot of the magazine. So, for those who are ready to see me out, you will be pleased to hear that this will be my last letter in Gardy Loo. Mazel tov.

It's hard to believe that it is time for me to pass on the torch. For a while, I thought that I would have one more year to terrorize my staff but plans change and I must fall back in line. Every semester I am completely swept away by the passion and enthusiasm that my

fellow Looers bring to every Tuesday meeting. So, to my radiant friends who never complained when I refused to play any music from this decade, thank you for always tagging along on my spontaneous IHOP excursions. There are no words to describe the memories that I share with you, but I assure you I'll hold them close.

I dedicate the conclusion of this letter to the inspiring artists and writers who submit to our publication every semester. We receive hundreds of poems, short stories, essays, and art pieces for every issue and while we can't publish everything, it means the world to us that you are so willing to share a part of yourself with us anyway. So, to my fellow Dukes who are so much more creative than I could ever be, YOU are what makes Gardy Loo so wonderful and I hope you will continue to brighten our campus with your work.

Alright, I'm making myself sick, so I'm signing out.

Rachel Owens

Design Editor

It's funny, the turns our lives take while we're not looking.

I joined this magazine the second semester of my freshman year, thinking that I would just help to pick out prose pieces for the magazine, and that would be my entire contribution to this organization over the course of four years.

Well, not only am I no longer helping to pick out prose pieces—it's a conflict of interest for the Managing Editor to vote—but I'm now doing so much more as well. I'm designing, I'm copy-editing, and I'm preparing to become Editor-In-Chief, which is a shock to everyone,

especially to me.

Although I wasn't ever expecting to be given this new job of mine, or the Managing Editor job I've had for a year now, I am excited for this opportunity as I have always been excited to serve Gardy Loo and its readers in any position. I love this magazine and all of our contributors and readers. Even though I'm not sure I'll do as great a job as Kaitlyn did, I am absolutely going to try my hardest to help produce the best magazine possible.

We're all involved in this magazine in some way, and I cannot tell you how excited I am to take this turn in my life. Best Wishes.

Kathryn Walker

Managing Editor

*Marks a staff member

- ii Speciment 3 **Hattie Eshleman**
- 1 Deaf Movement **Lina Akopov**
- 3 Sister **Breanna Becker**
- 6 Temporary **Maddie Clark**
- 7 Extra Trays **Nava Levenson**
- 11 Tiger Lily **Rebbecca Sullivan**
- 13 After School Snack **Rebecca Hurt**
- 16 Seaside Preacher **Joanna Morelli**
- 18 Crossfire **Alexa Thompson***
- 21 This is What a Whiteout Looks
Like in Iceland **Malcom D. Anderson**
- 23 Pendant (from the External Organs
Series) **Hattie Eshleman**

art

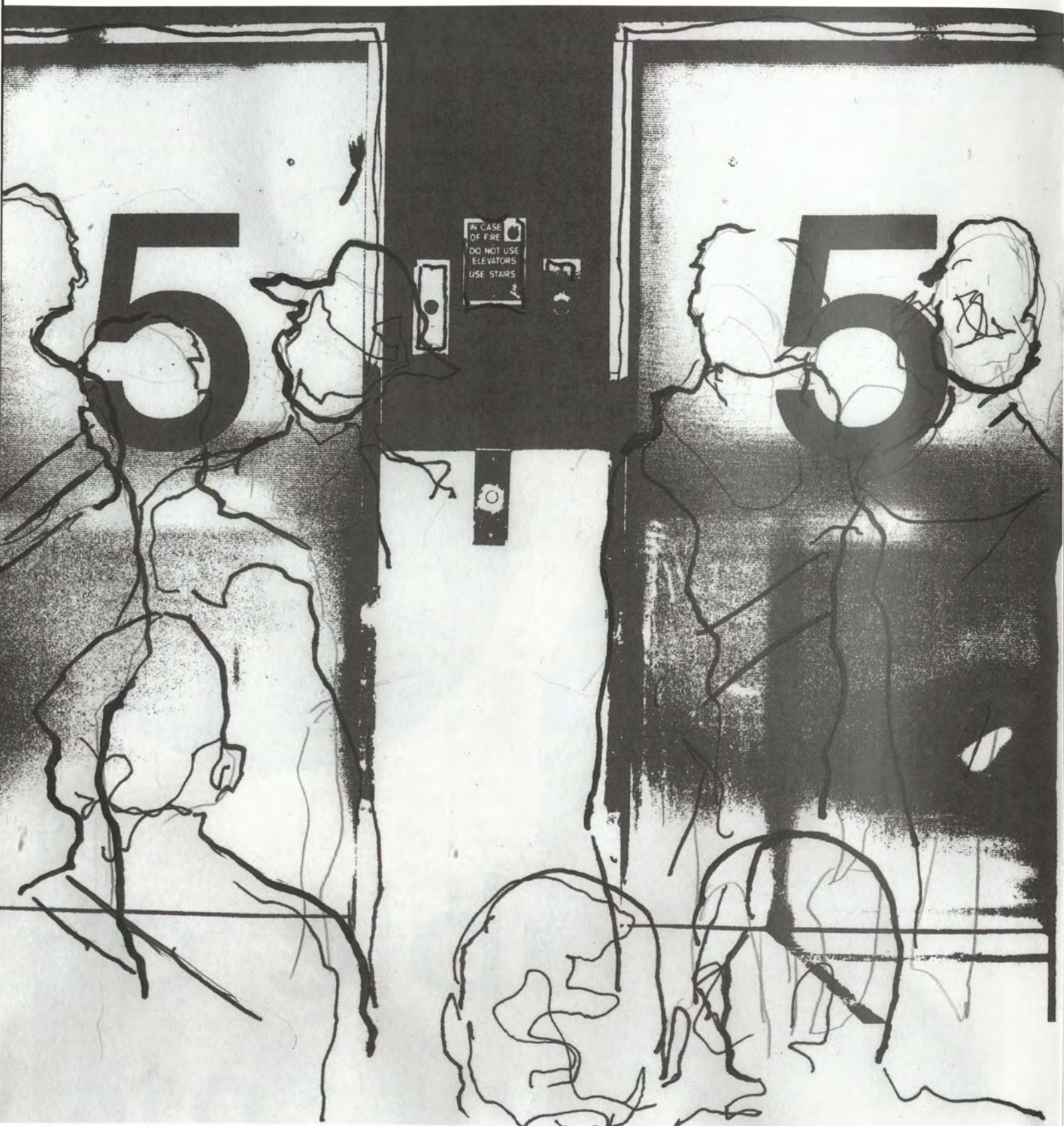
- 27 COAX **Nava Levenson**
- 29 Fish Market **Aereen Lapuz***
- 31 I Am You **Bernadette Fitzgerald**
- 34 Brooklyn in Color **Kristen Greiner***
- 36 Désir **Daisy Wiley**
- 37 Divulge **Marissa Nilsson**
- 42 Imitation is the Sincerest
Form of Flattery **Lina Akopov**
- 44 Tea Poems **Hattie Eshlemen**
- 45 Warrior **Breanna Becker**
- 47 In or Out **Martha Hemingway**
- 49 Art Series Preview

- 2 Ode to my Father's Glasses
Hannah Keeton
- 4 Starspoken *Eli Jacobs*
- 5 2° C by *K.S. Robinson* */ Candle by
*Marina Shafik**
- 8 Like Dead Leaves *Faith Whittemore*
- 12 Conversations with my Little Sister,
Pt. 1 *Lilly Constance*
- 15 Room for two *Erin Halpin**
- 17 Dislocation *Lauren Ferry*
- 19 "I'm Sorry about the Clock."
Carli Woodyear

- 22 On Being Tucked In At Night
Liz Ferguson
- 25 Looking Up *Kristen Greiner**
- 28 Synonyms and Antonyms *Liz Ferguson*
- 30 Keepers at Home *Rachel Denison*
- 33 The Witch on 11th and L
Lauren Chapman
- 35 Anything but Earth, Wind, or Air
Liz Ferguson
- 38 last rite *Evan Nicholls**
- 39 Just One More *Brook Monroe*
- 41 I Spy a Frigidaire *Erin Halpin**
- 43 The 150 Word Calling *Maggie Graff*
- 46 Veins *Vaden Vosteen*
- 48 Burst *Catherine Carson**

literature

table of contents



Deaf Movement (Mixed Media) Lina Akopov

ODE TO MY FATHER'S GLASSES

Hannah Keeton

At first, gold circles connected by
a bridge dotted in scabs of rust between
greasy, spindly arms hooked
around your skull, too loose, barely holding on.
Scratched, convex pools of glass
shielded brown eyes, lighter than mine.
A miniscule collection of dust clung along the border,
managed to escape the small rotations of your shirt,
settled three hundred and sixty degrees around.
And I loved these glasses
On you.
You were the English professor and architect
I pictured in them, and then
we aged and
I changed and maybe I changed you.
The gold circles became closed doors
with no handle,
and I saw carelessness in the dust and bitterness
in your eyes, lighter than mine.
And I thought I could see you
so clearly, right through you,
better than you could see you.
Convinced that I was right
and you were old
unfeeling
intentionally misunderstanding, I thought
You hated the dog and me. You kept walking away and
slamming the door and
shutting your eyes and
sighing expulsions of hot clouds that would stifle both argument
and apology.
See me, with your fragile gold circles.

And now, brown rectangles supported by
plastic twigs sit calmly on either side of your face, just







above your ears,
extensions of your laugh lines.
I see them now as windows
instead of doors.
They are approachable, as you are
these days.
We aged, and continue to.
The boulders of bitter memory
grow moss,
wear slowly under the light rain of consistent peace and belly
laughs.
The dust is siphoned away.
You are the English professor, the architect—
the friend, now
I understand why you are the way you are,
Why I am this way, why
We can and must do more than coexist.
The ripple effects are too great, life
too short,
family too important,
the heart too fragile—
of course David Gray would play
as I write this—
thank God
we fixed
what we could
when we did.
Thank God for changing styles, for
the gift of empathy
on my nineteenth birthday, and clear, squared oval
frames of my own.
The better to see you with, Dad.
With the collected compassion of your fifty years,
forgive me, in your stately brown rectangles.

Starspoken

Eli Jacobs



Sister (Oil on canvas) Breanna Becker



We lay outside at
midnight, side by side,
the frost of our breath
catching our words like
silver minnows.

The hood of your car
buckled when we arched our
bodies, trying to roll our heads back,
back to catch
the whole theater of
lights that beat out a pulse, a
vein of glimmering, silver blood
embedded in onyx,
fluttering in the cold jet.

Before we had left for stargazing, you'd
raised your hand up
over all the cars in the parking lot
outside your apartment and shouted,

"Look!

Venus is up,
look!

She's beautiful tonight."

She glittered, fat and bright, in
the navy garden of the sky
just like you had said

(even I,
with my sleepy eyes and
sore knowledge of the stars,
was caught by her glare).

Later, when we parked
out in the grass by some farms whose
pastures felt low and heavy, droning
with sleep between the mountains
with the dreams of streams, and

slumbering
livestock, and sighing deer,
waiting,
you lay back next to me and lifted your
arm

up again, gloved knuckles curled
into your palm save for one finger
which pointed up, up to heaven.

You said,

"Ursa Minor! do you
see him?

He's squashed up,
right there!"

Squeezed into the corner of the
sky, I mistook him for the
Little Dipper.

Beside me, your hair
was just another dark whorl
of texture, invisible in the ink-drop air.
But your face shown out from
under your scarf like a
sliver of opal—
like someone had taken
scissors to the
fabric of midnight, or
had pricked the
coal-black flesh of Nyx's cheek until
she bled beads of milky
moonlight.

A falling star ripped into
the silence, it
slashed through our vision,
a saber
through the frosted mirror of

water overhead.
I held my eyes to it—
wonderful.
I saw it shake with the
effort of its descent—
a silent scream from heaven
condensed into a
small,
hard,
bright
vessel sailing by,
leaving no legacy—
not a sound, not a fray in the
soft, nighttime quilt—
no body.

It was the first falling star
I had ever seen. I told you this—
you gaped,
then laughed—
wonderful.
You lifted your arm once more,
wearing our words like
platinum bangles around your wrist,
and tapped the moon.
For the rest of the night
we shivered, our legs were
numb,
but we still shot our eyes
into the soft, billowing heavens,
burying our faces in cool swaths of
satin moonlight, and
eating stars
like ice chips.





CANDLE

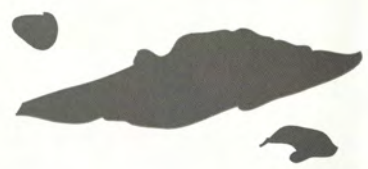
I have a candle
from a girl who I cherished.
It will never burn.

Marina Shafik

The world felt heavy
when I ran after coral
and found styrofoam.

2°C

K.S. Robinson





Temporary (Oil, acrylic, & house paint) Maddie Clark



Extra Trays (Ceramics) Nava Levenson

Like Dead Leaves

Faith Whitemore

Mary's body wasn't discovered until days after her death, when her neighbors came knocking to see why she hadn't taken in the deliveries piling up on her front step. Her family, such that it was, heard a few hours later.

Anna wasn't sure what she was supposed to be feeling. She had met her aunt only twice, on the rare occasions when she and her mother had flown out to visit, and remembered a strange, quiet woman whose laugh was always nervous, as if she wasn't sure it was allowed. Mary had been kind to Anna and given her chocolates and books to read, but Anna remembered a distinct hesitance on both their parts—a mutual shyness interrupted by the impatient clicking of her mother's tongue.

Her mother, Margaret, didn't seem to know how to feel, either. Anna saw her stiffen when the doctor said that, had anyone been there, they might have been able to save Mary before her heart gave out, and she knew that her mother was feeling accused. Later, in the car, she said to Anna what she had refrained from saying to the doctor: that Mary's seclusion was self-imposed, that there was only so much you could do for someone like her. Hadn't Margaret tried for years? Was it her fault for giving up on someone who wouldn't accept help?

Anna didn't answer. She knew by now to let her mother talk until she ran out of steam; she didn't really want a response, and Anna never knew how to give one. This time,

though, she leaned against the window and wondered if Mary had once done this too. Had she listened to her sister's frustrations in patient silence, waiting until she tired herself out? Had she too felt a vague, uncomfortable resentment at being used as a sounding board for Margaret's grievances?

"What's it called, again?" Anna asked as she followed her mother into Mary's house, arms loaded with empty boxes.

"Agoraphobia, dear. The fear of leaving your home."

"Right. That's what I thought."

Mary's house had the air of a very well-organized hoard. It was not a large house, but every nook was put to use holding the collections of things she had refused to throw away over the years. Margaret, in the years before she stopped visiting, had tried to help her get rid of some of it, but never with much success, and said that she supposed Mary had found it a relief when she stopped bothering. The most obvious were the books: they were everywhere, bookshelves in nearly every room, stacked high with every kind of novel and biography. She had not graduated from fantasy to history, as many adults do, but rather the other way around: her early twenties had seen the greatest swell of her collection of historical biographies, until somewhere in her thirties she had decided that she would much rather spend her time in a different world entirely.

Anna picked up a copy of *The War of the Worlds* from one of the tall shelves in the living room, remembering the copy

Aunt Mary had sent her on her thirteenth birthday. Mary was always sending her books, for Christmas and birthdays and even holidays like Easter and Halloween. Though they never really spoke, she always seemed to know just what genre Anna was interested in at the moment. It had been their one line of communication, really: Mary's sending of books and Anna's receiving of them, imagining what might have inspired her aunt to send this book in particular, but never quite plucking up the courage to ask.

The War of the Worlds was dusty now, a little cracked around the spine. She opened it, meaning to flip through, but stopped at the title page: there was an inscription scribbled above the copyright in blue pen. *To Mary, from Margaret. Christmas, 1976. Here's the book so you can stop listening to that creepy radio version.* Anna lingered over her mother's looping handwriting, flicking her thumb across the faded ink. She wondered if the tradition of sending books had started here, with her mother. She wondered when they had stopped.

"Anna?" Her mother appeared in the doorway, balancing a box full of quilts on her hip. "Come help me take this out to the car."

Her mother left, and Anna started to put the book back on the shelf, but she found herself hesitating. After a moment, she slipped it into one of the boxes before following her mother outside.

That was only the first day. They had booked their hotel for a week. Cleaning out Mary's house would take days of work, hours of boxing up belongings and labeling them:

keep, sell, throw away. Margaret viewed the task with obvious resentment; she seemed to wish it did not fall to her to decide what to do with her estranged sister's things, though with one parent dead and the other too sick to travel, their options were limited. Anna, however, found herself drawn to the work. The trips to Mary's house were a secret treasure hunt, and Anna the intrepid explorer. She wasn't entirely sure what she was looking for, but it had occurred to her only after Mary's death that she had once had a *life*, and a life of which Anna knew almost nothing. Now that it was too late to get answers from her aunt herself, it seemed of some strange, crucial importance to find out all that her house could tell her—as if perhaps there was a secret here, in the midst of Mary's books and memories, that would reveal to Anna the source of her own private dissatisfaction.

There were things that drew her, in that house with all its many belongings, and she kept a box for herself that slowly filled as the days went by. A small, intricately carved rocking horse on the mantelpiece, which, her mother said, was probably made by her grandfather, who had been a carver. A pendant shaped like a bird with wings outstretched, shoved to the back of Mary's jewelry box. Several more books, including a very worn leather Bible in Mary's bedside table. Anna had never considered herself particularly religious, but Mary's copy was heavily annotated in Mary's own loose scrawl, and, Anna found herself thinking, if she could understand what Mary saw in it, then perhaps she could find some appeal in the whole thing.

The biggest treasures, however, were the photographs, which were just as numerous as the books. They were tucked away in shoeboxes and old photo albums rather than displayed in frames, slipped into bookshelves or underneath desks. Anna discovered the first shoebox and spent twenty

“But the fact remained that Margaret was the type of person who could sever ties with her own family, even if she loved them.”

minutes leafing through each photo. There were pictures of her mother and aunt as children, posing in front of a lake or playing on a rickety set of swings. There was her mother's wedding, including a picture of Margaret in her gown and Mary in a powder blue bridesmaid's dress, looking anxious but with her arm around Margaret in a determined sort of way. Anna pored over them all, feeling again that urge to *find* something—something important, perhaps the most important thing, though she couldn't have said what it was. Pictures of her mother as a gawky, gap-toothed teenager; her aunt as a shy presence half a step behind in family photos, her smile the same tentative thing Anna remembered from her visits.

Mary stopped appearing in photos dated fewer than fifteen years ago. These must have been sent to her – here were Anna's grandparents, on their last vacation before her grandfather had died; here was Anna's mother and father at Christmas; here was Anna herself, a toddler in her mother's arms. This one had a note on the back: *When are you coming to meet her?*

Anna paused. Read the note again. It looked like such an innocent question, but there was an unpleasant squirm in her stomach; she saw the accusation. That was her mother—veiled condemnation. She never accused outright, but she was a master at inducing guilt.

"Oh, there you are."

Anna started, and felt the immediate impulse to hide the photographs. Her mother came in and sat down beside her, reaching for the box.

"What did you find? Oh—" She leafed through them, a frown line appearing between her eyes. She frowned too often; it made her look careworn, older than she should. Anna watched her, trying to read her thoughts as she skimmed through her childhood, but there was just the frown. Inscrutable.

She came to the last picture, the one with the swing set, and stopped there, like a wind-up toy wound down. Anna looked back at the photograph she still held, the pleasant picture with the hidden hurt, and felt the smallness coming on. Not knowing what her mother was thinking was almost worse than knowing it – the uncertainty always had her retreating into herself, waiting for the shoe to drop, or not. Anna never knew.

Her mother stayed silent, and after a long moment Anna surprised herself. Dared to ask, "Why did you stop speaking to her?"

If Margaret was surprised, or angered, Anna didn't see it; she was staring at her lap, at the photograph in her hands. "You know why—"

"No, but—" Anna forced herself to look up. "The fight was the last straw, I get it. But..." She gestured to the photo in her mother's hands. "You were close, right? And she kept all these pictures and maybe she wanted—" She stopped herself; there were too many things Mary might have wanted, and Anna could imagine them all, but her mother...

"I don't know what she wanted," Margaret said, setting down the stack of photographs with more force than was necessary. "I wanted my sister back. I wanted her to make an effort to care about her own *family*, but all she did was sit here and expect me to do all the work. I was *tired*, Anna. She had problems and wouldn't accept help—she didn't even go to her own father's funeral, for God's sake. She would never even have met you if I hadn't brought you here, she wouldn't have cared enough to bother—I couldn't deal with it anymore."

That wasn't true, Anna thought, remembering the books Mary had sent so regularly and with such thought. She cared.

Her mother cared too, of course, cared enough that it still hurt her to talk about it even now, years later. But the fact remained that Margaret was the type of person who could sever ties with her own family, even if she loved them.

Margaret was looking at Anna now, waiting for her to say something, but she felt herself growing small once more. Anna clutched the photograph in her hands and wondered if this, then, was what she'd been looking for.

After a long moment of silence, her mother heaved a sharp sigh and stood. "I'm going to finish packing up the car." There was a finality to her tone, a closing of doors; she had evidently decided to put the conversation, and the hurt, behind her. She was sad. Anna knew that, but what happened when you let the sadness fester so long it became hard? Did it become easier, done once, to do it again? Would it become habit, like plucking dead leaves off of flowers?


"Are you coming?"

Anna swallowed, sitting there in her dead aunt's bedroom, surrounded by the books she had collected and the photos she had never thrown away. Maybe Mary had annotated that Bible so closely because she, like Anna, had been searching for answers from the wrong people.


"I want to stay here," Anna said, and sat very still, listening with a terrible sense of borrowed *déjà vu* as her mother's heels clicked all the way down the hall and out the door. ○

Tiger Lily (Oil Paint) Rebecca Sullivan





Conversations with my Little Sister, Pt. 1



Lilly Constance

I met my little sister for the first time
at the end of the 200 yard dash,
which was the amount of airport
it took to reach where she stood,
waiting at my father's side.

I never thought I would call the gap that two teeth make
sacred,
but divine is the only word that comes to mind
when I picture the shape of her smiling mouth
the very first time I knelt down before her
and gasped out the words,
"Hello, little sister."

She continues to bless me with the sacrament of her smile.
That is often all she contributes to our conversations
because words do not come easy
to seven year old girls who not only are adopted,
but must adopt an alien language.

How suffocating it must be
to be unable to speak how you feel,
I think as I watch my little sister
sit, sobbing, on the staircase, hugging her knees to her chest.

For the first year she is with us,
she can only sleep if she is being held.


Words come slowly to her mouth,
but I am in love with the way her brow furrows as she
tries to find them,
because every word she speaks has been painstakingly
selected
and it feels like a gift when she gives them to me.

She once described a nightmare
where she told me,
"Imagine I am made of paper
and everything else is fire."

And so, in one sentence,
she showed me what her world looks like.

She elaborates:
"When I lived in India,
I stepped on a firework.
It was painful."

My little sister has walked further than most.
She walks with scars on her feet,
but she walks with a smile.



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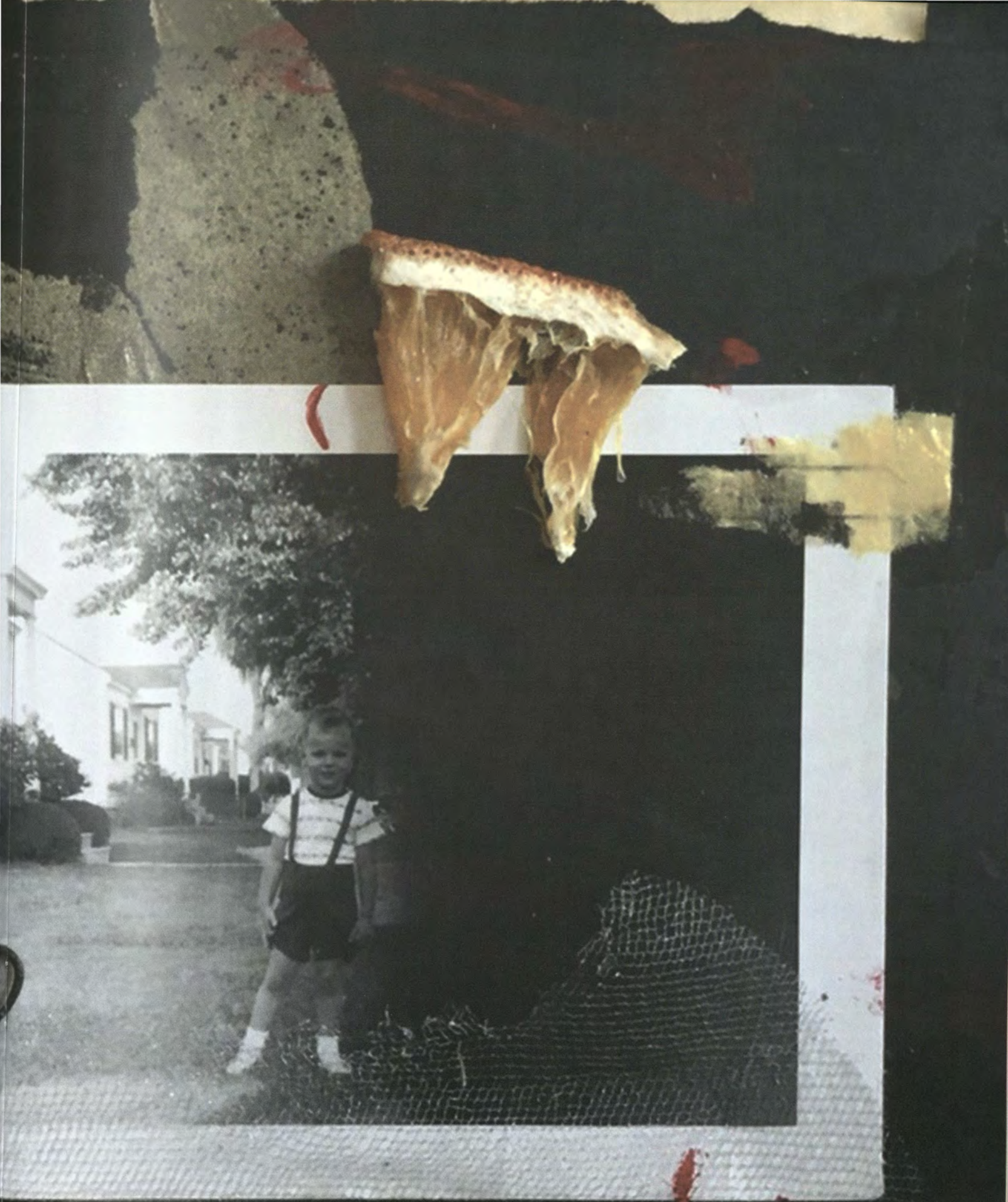
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二





After School Snack (Mixed Media) Rebecca Hurt

ROOM TWO

Erin Halpin FOR

In Georgia, Sean's bedroom was twice the size of mine. In North Carolina, it was so big that Mom was able to paint a huge mural of the solar system that spanned across each of the four walls. But Ohio was the biggest. It was long and angular, with the ceiling slanted on two sides. There was one window on the far end of the room and two twin-sized beds framed it. On the other half of the room, Sean kept his Legos, his drawings, his *Archie* comic books, his *Artemis Fowl* novels, his sci-fi movies, his Battle Bots, and, of course, his posters. His walls were covered in *Star Wars*, *Pokémon*, bands I didn't recognize, and more *Star Wars* posters. I'd always complain about Sean getting the biggest room. My mom would sigh. *You get the big window in your room, May-May.* I would roll my eyes. It was always a battle with my brother. I would tease him to no end and he would repay me with Indian wrist burns and by dragging me across the carpet until I had a definite rug burn along my spine.

We moved every two to three years, so we weren't surprised when my parents told us we were moving to Ohio. The big shock came when my parents announced that we would be having a little brother and that he'd arrive two weeks before the move. *We need you to be a big girl*, they told me. What that meant was I wasn't allowed to come into their room every night when I had trouble sleeping. I was much more concerned about sleeping in my own room than meeting new friends at school. I was a pro at making new friends, unlike Sean, although I soon realized that something was different about Ohio. Maybe it was because I was now in fourth grade and that was when girls started to get bitchy. Or maybe it was because of my physique. Or maybe it was because I was an outsider to the small population of Proctorville, Ohio.

I don't remember how it started, but I would go into Sean's room every night and lay down on

the twin bed opposite his. Unlike in Georgia or North Carolina, he didn't throw pillows and yell at me to get out. We'd talk about the universe and life on other planets and music and writing and books and movies and things we loved about North Carolina and what Kevin would be like when he was our age. I would pick at the slanted, popcorn ceiling above my head as we debated our favorite TV shows and who looked more like Dad. We would stay up late—past our bedtime—but Mom never came in to tell us to turn off the light or to go to sleep. She'd walk by the doorway to check on Kevin in his crib and once in a while she would poke her head in and blow kisses at us from across the room. We would wake up on winter mornings and pray for snow. We'd wake up on nice days and hope for a miracle. *What's the chance that we don't have to go to school today?* But that was the most we talked about school.

I kept my clothes and my Barbies in my room but gradually my journal, my stuffed gorilla named Cuddles, and my books started collecting in Sean's room. Some nights, I would try to sleep in my own room but I'd eventually make my way into the poster-covered comfort of my brother's room. Something about the *Star Wars* sheets and the light snoring coming from the other twin bed calmed me. After a while, it became routine. We would wake up, wish for school to be cancelled, go to bed at night and talk about fantastic things. Wake up, pray for school to be cancelled.

Two years later, the good news finally came. We were moving to Virginia. When we moved, I was in sixth grade. Sean was starting his freshman year in high school. When we picked rooms, I got the room with the big window. Sean got the big room. But this time, something was different. He didn't hang up his *Pokémon* posters, he put his Legos away, and he got rid of his *Star Wars* sheets. And this time, there was no room for two twin beds. ○





Seaside Preacher (Photography) Joanna Morelli



Dislocation

Lauren Ferry

Floors of cardboard,
styrofoam skies,
fingerprinted faces,
incessant flies.

Wrap me up in string,
finish it with a bow.
Vacuum seal my eyes,
so it will never show.

If home is where the heart is,
mine is hidden in the grass,
where airplanes grant wishes,
and lightning bugs amass.

For within these plaster walls,
it seems I must reside.
Though it hurts, I'll think of you,
lest the memories subside.



"I'm Sorry about the Clock."

Carli Woodyear

"All the best artists are troubled," I say, re-entering the conversation, sipping my gas station coffee because I refuse to subscribe to a chain, even though I know a Starbucks frappuccino would taste better. It would probably help mask the smell of hospital too, but I'm not mainstream. It's all about principle.

"Oh yeah? You're thirteen, who've you even read?" my Mom scoffs, pulling me out of my cup and back to the present.

"I've read Shakespeare and Salinger, Hemingway and Hobbes, Austen and..." I pause, trying to think of another famous name that starts with an A. I like my writing parallel and I'm a sucker for some good alliteration.

My Mom considers this. "I read some Thoreau in college... I think."

"You think? Come on, it's time you told me. I'm adopted, aren't I?" No one in my family has any respect for decent literature.

She chuckles, "Very funny. Pack your bag, though—it's time you went home for a couple nights."

"Ugh," I growl, "but I'm so amusing, so entertaining! You need me."

My mom rolls her eyes, the fluorescents glinting off her pupils.

"What does a woman have to do to get some peace around here? Good God," she exclaims in a huff, causing a pocket of air to form underneath her hospital gown, making her appear to be a healthy weight. Appearances are deceiving. Or in even more cliché, uninspired terms, never judge a book by its cover.

"Fine, I'll go," I tease with mock agitation. Then, impersonating Mr. Schwarzenegger, I say, "I'll be bach."

"Just go already—you're rambling." I concede to her begging and dip out, but not before placing a soft kiss on her temple—a kiss that promises I'll be back without having to find the perfect phrase.

"WAKE UP, KIDDO!"

Light hits my eyelids and my eyebrows sweep all the way up to join my hairline.

Father has come busting into my room at ten in the morning,

and he loves to flick on lights.

"It's time for the first day of the rest of your life."

As it turns out, that means it's my fourteenth birthday. A bit dramatic, perhaps.

"So we're gonna have some pancakes for breakfast and maybe—"

"I'd rather see Mom," I say, hating that I have to ruin his plans and the smile on his face.

He tries to argue with me, "Your mother specifically told me it's your day off. Don't you want to—"

"I don't want to argue, and life appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs." *Jane Eyre*, Charlotte Brontë. Also, I always win arguments, so give up now."

He laughs, "Fine, but only for a few hours, then some fun."

I always have fun with Mom, though.

I arrive at the hospital around eleven and wake up my mom exactly how my dad had woken me. I hope she wasn't having the same dream I had been.

"Good morning," she sings, awakening much more gracefully than I could manage.

"Morning," I say, legs propped up on a chair, jello bouncing around on my tongue, cooling my mouth.

Mom gets some jello herself and we sit, soaking up each other's company.

The light in the room isn't bright nor dull. I'm not superstitious or anything and I'm not sure which would even be better—I'm just saying I'm a little disappointed in all this room's secrecy.

"Penny for your thoughts?" She whispers, flicking a literal penny into the air.

I contemplate telling her how she should really probably get some rest as the coin hits the ground and spins and spins and spins and—

"Hmm? Don't tell me there are no thoughts in that mind of yours—"

and spins and spins and spins and—

"You're always thinking. Always been a thinker—"

and spins and spins and stops.

She waits for my answer.

"I was just thinking about how lovely natural light is."

She grins and agrees, satisfied with a lie because no one can tell when my lies are lies and my truths are truths, not even me.

She wasn't always so accepting of the first answer I'd give, but things have changed, 'and nothing is as painful to the human mind as a great and sudden change.'

Frankenstein, Mary Shelley.

So, in other words, we both don't think about it.

"So, how's it feel to be fourteen?"

I think I say, "It feels the same," or something like that, then rattle off that *Gatsby* quote about time and clocks falling off mantles... How does it go?

"Well, I'm forty and I feel the same as I did when I was eighteen, so it's not just you."

"I think William Yeats also had a fear of getting older," I remark, thinking she's definitely read more poetry than prose, so maybe she'll get the reference for once.

Her airy laugh, more beautiful than mine or any daughter's could be, fills the tops of the ceiling and floats out the window... It's gone before I've even really heard it.

She says, "William Yeats was also brilliant, like me."

I don't laugh at her joke because I'm too busy wondering what kind of injustice has to be endured to become a person who reads collections of poetry like a story: cover-to-cover.

My ponderings, as they so often are, are rudely interrupted by a tall, dark man in a short, white coat.

His voice doesn't bellow, though it'd be better for the story if it did. Instead, it kinks and curdles as he says, "Mrs. Jacobson. I hate to bother you two, but I need a word alone with you. Is your husband here?"

"Finally, from so little sleeping his brain dried up and he went completely out of his mind." I interject, "*Don Quixote*. Or at least, I'm pretty sure; I haven't actually read the whole thing, admittedly."

The dark man and his paler colleagues look unamused.

"Not here; he's been trying to get some sleep," my mother translates for me, speaking a practical person's everyday dialect, even though she knows, just like I do, that flowery phrases taste so much richer rolling off your lips.

The men pause, then one in the back speaks, his voice much stronger than the first, "We'd really like to talk to just you then, as it's rather urgent."

"Mom, I'll be right outside, okay?" I hop up, placing a kiss on her temple because my voice never works when I want to cry.

I want to cry.

I sit outside the door. I don't try to listen in. I try to think of whether there's any art in parenthood, and eventually conclude that there absolutely is and my mom has mastered it.

When the bundle of mismatched men in matched coats waddle out of the room, I move out of their way.

When the mismatched-matching men wheel my mother out and mention to me the word "surgery," I nod my head.

My mother smiles and grabs my hands as they watch us with silent eyes.

"I'll be back in a few hours—let your dad know I'm going into a... um... surprise surgery."

"Okay, anything else I should tell him?"

"No, that's it. I'll explain when I'm out. Goodbye."

The hallways narrow and they're telling me it's as far as I can go. I know that there's no room for me to fit, even if I wanted to.

I don't remember that exact quote from *Gatsby*—the one about the clocks—and it seems like I really should know that at a time like this.

All I know is that my mom looks just like me and she likes to speak in iambic pentameter.

All I know is that the clock fell and *Gatsby* tried to grab it, but I can't remember what he said.

All I know is that all the best artists go unrecognized until they die.

All I know is that she has cancer, and it must be rather troubling to be so beautifully unique, yet be killed by something so painfully common. ○

All I know
is that all the
best artists go
unrecognized
until they
die.



This is What a Whiteout Looks Like in Iceland (Photography) Malcolm D. Anderson



On Being Tucked In At Night

Liz Ferguson

By then, we ended our nights
with scripted narrations
of princes and dragons,
and how they are really
one and the same.

Mother was a maintainer
of the peace, mistaking me
as innocent, because my Catholic
school uniform was small,
and so were my dreams. I'd lay
with wet hair on my pillow
and listen as her lies tucked me in,
wrapping me up in belief.

She would stare through the skylight
and connect the dots,
forming constellations out of faraway tales,
a nightly chant more to convince herself:
*He's allowed to have that bottle, it's
like your baby sister's. He's in counseling,
not rehab.*

Father was a farewell fable,
most manic of monsters
in my closet, but the best nights
were when he was too depressed
to come out.

Once, I could count on the man
in the moon, for faith. And the
tooth fairy, too,
for hope.

Now I never leave
lost teeth under my pillow,
but parts of myself
still seem to fall out.



Pendant (from The External Organs Series) (Copper, powder coating & resin) Hattie Eshleman





The moon had disappeared, leaving us bathed in darkness. With our telescope standing proudly in the front yard, Dad and I watched the moon leave; our eyes focused on how it slowly became engulfed in the blackness of a space we could not see.

Tonight marked two events: my ninth birthday and the telescope's first mission. Grandma had bought the telescope for Dad a few Christmases ago, but he never used it—that is, until I showed an interest in astronomy. As the granddaughter of a rocket scientist and the daughter of a man named after an astronaut, it was only a matter of time before I too became enamored with the final frontier.

Dad and I stepped back to take in the now-unfamiliar sky. The lunar eclipse, though short, created a new phase of life—our first time doing something that was just the two of us. Standing in the cold November air, we looked up to the heavens, greeted by Orion, the Big Dipper, and other stars normally drowned out by moonlight. The silhouettes of our neighbors emerged from their houses to join us in taking in the new night. They too wanted to see that the moon was gone.

Childish howls soon shattered the silence of the neighborhood on that pitch-black night. My neighbor ran up the street when she saw Dad and me using the telescope, her own dad close behind. We pretended to be children of the moon, mourning mother abandoning us, leaving us with the distant stars that could never provide her comfort, her light. We performed a ritual in her honor, running around in circles to get rid of our pent-up energy—it was clearly past bedtime, but the eclipse was a special excuse for us

to stay up late.

Our lunar party eventually moved down the street to join other neighbors. A fire was lit, and we gathered around it for heat. The adults talked about things I had no interest in, so my neighbor and I resumed our moon dance, whooping and shouting. When we stopped, I looked around to see everyone—friends, acquaintances, strangers—looking for the moon in the Earth's shadow. The night had brought us together to revel in its beauty and mystery.

*

Dad tapped on the car window, and I shot up from the little ball I had curled myself into. I had accidentally fallen asleep in the backseat. At eleven years old, it was too late for me to be out of bed, and definitely too cold for me to only be wearing a thin sweatshirt.

"They found them."

I could hear faint notes of excitement in Dad's voice, but I needed a moment to process what he said. We were at Sheep Hill Observatory, hidden away in the woods of northern New Jersey. The looming clouds that had threatened to ruin the evening dissipated, giving way to a clear night.

In the two years since our first endeavor with the eclipse, Dad and I had used our telescope for countless adventures. We had located and said hello to Venus and Mars, but tonight, we were going to see much farther into the galaxy. The moon was just a slim crescent—it smiled at Dad and me as we marched uphill towards the observatory and its secrets. We ignored the ever-

looking

Kristen Greiner



The lunar eclipse,
though short, created
a new phase of life—
our first time doing
something that was
just the two of us.

increasing piles of work at home that could put a damper on the night. Whatever happened, the starry night skies were still something that Dad only shared with me, still an adventure for the two of us.

Climbing the stairs to the second floor, we were greeted by a small crowd of people surrounding a great blue telescope. They were all buzzing with excitement: the astronomers had found some of Jupiter's moons.

Dad peeked into the stars, a big grin on his face. Then I looked through the telescope, and suddenly I saw Jupiter's Giant Red Spot, then its moons and a thin line of rings. I was looking at

things millions of miles away as if they were right in front of my face. They had a purpose, a place. The moons and planets had a connection I could only dream of. I wished to the sky that I would soon find mine.

Everything felt so small.

*

"What are you looking at?"

My date had caught me staring up at the sky on the walk back from dinner, perplexed by my craning neck. Even though I was in college and far from home, I still wanted a better look—to be closer to the heavens, closer to the universe.

"It's just so beautiful," I murmured, almost hoping he didn't hear me.

"What?"

"The stars! My dad used to take me to observatories when I was a kid. I usually don't get to see a sky like this when I'm home."

Dad and I had gotten too busy to continue our star-filled adventures, but I still looked up when I remembered. I pointed to the full moon like I did those years ago, whose bright glow illuminated our path. Thousands of stars created a blanket over our heads, and the clouds danced across the atmosphere. I continued to ramble as my date rolled his eyes, his focus returning to finding the car.

This wasn't going to work. My date didn't know my desire to fly among the stars, to touch them, to feel their warmth. He didn't understand how space ran through my veins, how I needed it to understand my place. ○

up



COAX (Mixed Media Crochet) Nava Levenson

SYNONYMS & ANTONYMS

Liz Ferguson

He gave me a dictionary for my seventh birthday. I was disappointed, to say the least—he was supposed to be my *cool* uncle. Not until ten years later did I remember the weight of it, not until he shot himself. The dark navy spine and the musty smell resurrected from the family room bookshelf, those pages, glued together, formed sentences my lips could not articulate. Praise Webster, for letting me search for answers: definitions of utterances like *handgun*, *bullet*, *trigger*. Like the synonyms for *betrayed* and the antonyms for *hero*.



Fish Market (Lithograph) Aereen Lapuz

Keepers at Home

Rachel Denison

Four years after my family left Kingsway Community Church, Gene Emerson was convicted of soliciting a prostitute. It was a sting, actually. When I read the article about a renowned pastor telling his wife of thirty-plus years that he was going to get a massage from a woman off Craigslist, I felt a chronic anger at men who blamed women for their lust as if they were blind sheep being led astray by the hemline of a dress, at a church and at a community of people who told girls who had not even reached puberty that they were "stumbling blocks" to men their fathers' ages, that to dress a certain way, to walk or talk too confidently, would make them sin.

A few days after reading the article, I received a trickle of texts from my parents and siblings saying, "My heart aches for the Emerson family."

I learned that a pure, young woman should save even kissing until marriage, should be homeschooled and homespun, and should dream of being a stay-at-home mother of many children.

"So tragic."

I only felt a guilty and burning triumph. He had gone by the name "Sean" and had paid the undercover detective posing as a prostitute \$60 for her services. They negotiated on which sexual acts would be performed, and Emerson removed an article of clothing before the police rushed in and arrested him.

Emerson had a daughter one year older than me named Anna, and we took a *Keepers at Home* course together where we learned how to be good housewives. Sitting in the dining room of my family's white, ranch-style house, we iced and decorated mini cakes with other homeschooled girls from our church. Innocent shrieks at tiny roses twirled out of pink frosting drowned out the light worship music that drifted from a nearby CD player.

For every activity or skill mastered, we earned a metal pin for our makeshift banners: basket weaving, embroidery, baking, scripture memorization, and soap-making.

Kingsway was a by-product of a larger entity, Sovereign Grace Ministries, founded by CJ Mahaney. His wife, Carolyn Mahaney, wrote a book called *Girl Talk*, which quickly became the focus of every young woman's Bible study. I remember going through the book with my mom, who scheduled weekly girl dates for us to meet up and talk about each chapter. I learned that a pure, young woman should save even kissing until marriage, should be homeschooled and homespun, and should dream of being a stay-at-home mother of many children. Godly girls should aspire to be meek, submissive, and nurturing, and to pray for our future husbands, who would lead and protect us.

At the end of the book, "The Modesty Checklist" provided detailed instructions on how to examine one's clothing before walking out the door.

Start with a Heart Check...

- What statement do my clothes make about my heart?
- In choosing what clothes to wear today, whose attention do I desire and whose approval do I crave? Am I seeking to please God, or to impress others?
- Is what I wear consistent with biblical values of modesty, self-control, and respectable apparel, or does my dress reveal an inordinate identification and fascination with sinful cultural values?

A detective at the scene of the sting described in the police report how Emerson, after being arrested, kept praying and repeating, "Lord Almighty, please forgive me. Jesus, please forgive me," again and again.

Later, the pastor defended his innocence to the members of Kingsway, who lapped up his lies like thirsty dogs and replied with the statement: "While we respect the courts as an authority established by God, we know they are not perfect. And in light of his claim of innocence, we support his right to consider taking further legal action."

When I think of the little girl with a paisley bonnet hung around her neck and a jean dress catching between her calves, who iced mini cakes, earned pins in homemaking skills, and thought that "modest was hottest," I wonder what these men were supposed to lead us to or protect us from. Perhaps themselves.

Over the years, I've learned to turn a blind eye on the sheep. They walk themselves off cliffs. ○





Looking at it logically, I think I've been cursed:

I'm running late for work—my tea boiled over—
and the smoke from my sage pissed my cat off.
I'm getting over a cold, but I mixed up my medicine
bottles.

I took a handful of Moondust instead of Zithromax.
I sneezed and it glamoured my hair pink.

I walk into my bedroom, picking over the forest floor
of my clothes and books—I'm looking for a—

Where is it?

Where is it?

Hot damn, there it is—

a spell I wrote on the back of a business card.

The super won't fix my heat, so I'm making a fire with
blood and bone
instead.

I hustle myself out the door, a prayer for protection
rushed in green sparks
and quick breaths.

But I forget the drying part. My knock-off Louboutins get
soaked in a puddle.

I multiply the change in the homeless man's Starbucks
cup.

I redirect a shitting pigeon from an absent-minded tourist.

I beg the Lady's protection over a pregnant woman.

Maybe,

if I do good in threes,

I'll unfuck this day.

I hustle home from work—I like teaching art
in the poorest classroom
in the poorest district

in the city. We don't run out of supplies.

Kids go home with food on the weekends.

Sometimes, I stay a little late to make sure.

I get catcalled on the way home.

It's funny: when you tell them to bite their tongue,

there's more blood than you think there'd be.

I pick up my packages from the desk of the ratty building—
Sephora, mail from Mom, and

Where is it?

Oh, come on where is it?!

Hot damn, there it is!

My crystals came. I feel them humming to me before I even open
them.

Slowly, the knot in the base of my brain unwinds.

I throw everything on the floor in my hall.

I strip—throw myself in the shower.

I make microwave Thai and sip spiced, honeyed wine.

I center myself, and breathe.

My oneness with the universe,

with the living body of Earth;

Her bounty,

Her beauty sustains me.

Every exhalation is a reminder of the energy in me,

the blessing of my power.

Balance rushes over me, leaving goosebumps in its wake.

Something *opens* in me, and I'm back to myself again.

My phone dings.

Julie sent me money to pick up the meat for Sabbath.

Shit.

I reply with a thumbs-up and some crystal ball emojis.

I light another stick of sage. In doing so, I find my grocery list—

I add the meat.

So much of my life is magical shuffling,

reshuffling. Movement in an ever-upward spiral.

Unbroken, noisy circles.

The Witch on and

11th

Lauren Chapman

L



Brooklyn in Color (Digital Photography and Photoshop) Kristen Greiner

Anything but Earth, Wind, or Air

Liz Ferguson

Playing with fire is my favorite pastime.
Not tall enough to reach the cupboard where the
lighter was kept, I would beg my mother to spark
the nightstand candle, let the flames slip between my

fingertips, burning as I turned my tiny, not yet calloused
hands to outsmart their tricky movements.

Other girls jumped into chlorine baths, knees stuck together
as if that formed a shimmering mermaid tail.

Some flopped from playground bars, a monkey or a bird,
depending on the time of day and the babysitter. Still, some
dug up the red soil, rolled the clay on their faces,
grass stains an earthy scar.

I danced to the song of innocence with sparklers,
creating flashes like fireflies. Then bonfires,
embers bouncing off rowdy, teenage feet.
Cold hands, sticky from marshmallows and
nervous desire.

Only to learn later the minutes it takes to cremate a body,
ashes we begin and ashes we return.

And now the heat rises from tongues of fire,
even though my spirit stopped being holy.





Désir (Relief Print) Daisy Wiley



Divulge (Ceramics) Marissa Nilsson



last

That old black walnut has fallen down
and pulled up the loam and the feet.
Everything is limp at seeing deep
roots.

And the dark-eyed junco is silent.
The ground is silent.

rite

Evan Nicholls

Just One

In November of 2011, my father was diagnosed in the late stages of lung cancer at Augusta Medical Center. My grandmother had rushed him to the emergency room after finding him on the ground outside of our house, complaining of gut-wrenching pains in his stomach and chest. He had been renovating a camper that had been in our family for nearly a decade, determined to fix it up nice enough to be able to go on the road with it that summer. I was sixteen, Dad was my best friend, and there was not one thing more interesting or exciting to me than the prospect of going on a summer road trip with him.

When I was younger, he would play songs on his guitar as I danced around the living room in a pair of his black Ray Bans, making up lyrics to match my actions as he went along. Once, I dropped the glasses during a song, and, thinking that he would yell at me because they were expensive and I was a klutz, I ran off and tried my best to hide. He came after me, still plucking out a sweet melody on his guitar, and sang: "*Oh, there she is...she dropped the glasses today, she dropped 'em toda-a-a-y!*" He could be cheesy, dorky even. But he was fun.

He had a positive attitude when first diagnosed, even though the test results showed that he was in the late stages and didn't have long to live. I remember my grandmother bringing him home two days after he had been hospitalized. I lifted one of his arms, still strong and tan then, over my shoulder as we walked up the steps to our front porch.

"I'm gonna beat this, right, Momma?" he had said, laughing a little as he looked over our shoulders at my grandmother, her arms full of pamphlets and papers regarding his condition. She looked me in the eye, and

something about her gaze told me not to say anything as she replied,

"Yes, son. Of course you are." Later, I would silently read the titles of the packets in her hands—*Grieving and You*, *The Stages of Grief*, *Group Therapy for Grieving Families*—and dissolve into an ocean of tears.

Dad had refused to stop smoking even after the chemo and radiation treatments had begun. He would sit out on the front porch in a wheelchair with three or four plush blankets wrapped around him, and slowly pull out a half empty pack of Marlboros.

"Just one more..." he'd tell us, his hands shaking and making the little fire in them flicker.

"Just one more before I'm gone." It was often a struggle for him to light one. We heavily discouraged his smoking at first because it was making him worse, but I lit one or two for him when no one was looking.

When I think of him now, I remember his scent above all else. Warm, smoky, with a hint of cinnamon from his cologne. Once he became sick, the smell changed: it was sterile, a little too clean. I remember his laugh, thick and booming—the kind that made everyone else in the room feel left out if they didn't join in.

His hair had reached his shoulders before we had to shave it off. I remember seeing all of the dark curls on the kitchen floor and feeling a pit in my stomach. His hands, large and calloused from years of hard work as a brick mason, grew feeble and weak as his condition declined.

That Christmas was bleak. Normally the first one up for presents and coffee, my father slept right through everything: the music, our traditional pancake breakfast, his yearly ritual of watching me model different outfits I'd

More

Brooke Monroe

gotten from him and my grandmother. Dad had taken to sleeping on the living room couch so that we could hear him during the night if he needed one of us, and that was where he was then; asleep, his head on a soft velvet throw pillow. His frail and shrunken body stayed hidden under piles of blankets. His back was to us. I don't remember seeing his face once that day.

When he had first started his work on the camper, he told me, "We're going to see where the sun goes down, we're going to see where the best apples come from, we can chase down a good band and see all of their shows... or we can do whatever you want to do." But now all I wanted to do was whatever he wanted. The doctor had given him eleven months to live and the last thing he wanted to do before he died was to see me march proudly across the stage with my diploma. I think deep down, all of us knew that had never been possible; I was set to graduate an entire year from then and he got worse every day.

My father only received five of those eleven months. The night before he died, he asked if we would roll him outside on the front porch again. Neither my grandma nor I made any objection as we bundled him up in blankets and lifted him out of the bed set up in our living room. This time, my grandma lit his cigarette and carefully handed it to him. We pretended to go back inside but both of us lingered behind the door, holding hands and watching through the glass. Dad took one drag before dissolving into a coughing fit and just like that, we were outside again, carrying him back in. He glanced over at me sheepishly when we laid him down.

"I tried," he said sleepily, smiling a little as he drifted

When I think of him now, I remember his scent above all else. **Warm, smoky, with a hint of cinnamon from his cologne.**

Once he became sick, the smell changed: it was sterile, a little too clean.

off into a nap. "I tried."

"I know you did, Dad. I love you."

He died on March 23rd, 2012. I remember that was the year everyone expected the world to end because of the Mayan calendar myth. Their world kept on spinning. Mine, however, did not. I clung to him tightly as he grew stiff and cold, my eyes focused on the wall behind his bed. When my aunt and uncle tried to lift me from his bed after thinking I had drifted off to sleep, I mumbled quietly that I needed to hug him over and over and over.

"Just one more," I said softly. "Just one more before he's gone." ○

I SPY A FRIGIDAIRE

Erin Halpin

Magnets of all fifty states and then some. One from Denver (no, three from Denver), another, "Don't Mess with Texas," and a Georgia peach (thanks, Dad, for souvenirs we can use). A few bottle openers that don't stay for long (other magnets doing double-time). A card, Happy Holidays from That One Family.

Viva Las Vegas holds up a picture of a yellow lab puppy. Chew marks are barely noticeable underneath Mickey Mouse ears. A magnetic marijuana leaf (Dad liked Oregon) is the face of Mom at her fortieth birthday party. Uncle Joe sent us pictures of his kids—better put those up. Copies of yearbook photos Mom wasn't in the mood for buying, complete with birch trees as the background and a Lifetouch watermark.

Newspaper clipping: "Bear Falls from Tree." Little brother's happy aliendrawing covering up wild, lime-green permanent marker scribbles. A reminder of an orthodontist appointment from five months ago hiding a typical white-shirt, blue-jean family picture from the 90s. To-do list falling to the floor along with an extra ticket to someone's graduation. You made honor roll? You got a letter? You found a scrap of paper? Put it on the fridge. Put it under the already-occupied plaid sheep and curse when it falls to the ground.

Try the one from Gator Land, it always works.

Imitation is the Sincerest Form of Flattery (Watercolor) Lina Akopov



The 150 Word Calling

Maggie Graff

Wes didn't believe in lost causes—that is, until he and his journey had become one. His father had always told him, "Either write something worth reading or do something worth writing." Wes thought this journey would be the meaningful moment in his life worthy of writing.

Being the reclusive historian that he was, Wes always thought he'd analyze human triumph objectively. Writing history is far more satisfying than making it, he'd say. Yet when he found himself stumbling across a remarkable discovery regarding Sacagawea during his late shift at the museum, he knew he was destined to find it. He set out for the Rockies, accompanied only by his writing and determination. He sat to catch what he didn't know would be his last breath, and days later his body and writings were discovered with collective shock, for he had written something worth reading and done something worth writing. ○

FOR A DELICIOUS CUP OF HOT TEA:
Bring fresh cold water to a rolling
boil. Let water cool 1 minute after
boiling. Pour water over one tea bag
and steep for 1 to 2 minutes. Remove tea
bag. If desired, add sweetener.

FOR A REFRESHING QUART OF ICED TEA:
Use 4 tea bags for each quart. Bring
fresh cold water to a rolling boil. Let
the water cool 1 minute after boiling.
Pour 4 cups over tea bags and steep
for 1-2 minutes. Remove tea bags and
pour over iced glasses. If desired,
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FOR A DELICIOUS CUP OF HOT TEA:
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Pour water over one tea bag
If desired,
Use 4 tea bags

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Pour water over one tea bag
If desired, add sweetener
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glass

2 minutes

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Warrior (Oil and Gold Leaf on Canvas) Breanna Becker

Veins

Vaden Vosteen

I stare at the calendar,
weeks ticked off in blue and purple ink.
There are still nine days until it matters,
until I can know,
possibly—
until red might splash the answer down my leg.
This shadowland of perhaps
flooding my limbs. I cannot move without
wondering if this is still my body, or do I
share it with alien cells, pulsing in my
core: mixed genetic promise.
Woman you are vessel—woman you are box.

One, I wriggle out of bed, under
Two, blankets of denial, blankets of
acceptance. Three, my foot touches the floor,
Four, rug between my toes as it is every
sunrise. Five, stretching my heavy arms up,
Six, past myself, reaching out further than
before, Seven, attempting to break biology's
spell. Eight, biology's curse.

Today I wait to
question, watching my body—still my body—for a simple
sign, any alteration. I know my plans, my
options, my dreams. Paths spreading, splitting out
veins into the future, every decision heavy with
blood: mine, his, or
ours,
spilling to the horizon. I crawl back in bed, let my
mind sleep quiet. Tomorrow, I will ask again.



In or Out (Oil on canvas) Martha Hemingway



Burst

Catherine Carson

The sky—pregnant with rain—lay heavy
as a thick quilt over the warm Earth.
Invisible strings make lightning puncture
the beautiful tapestry like the
needles of God.

Whatever you are, I will become, too.
Here comes the omnipotent longing, holding
tightly to my still beating heart as the
ceiling above me bursts into
vast precipitation.

Slowly, it cools the cement and people
cautiously venture out again. A sort of mist
settles around shoulders and ankles, like a
lost child clinging to me in a way that says,
"Take me home."



jmuGardyLoo.org/blog

ART

Sometimes, art is more than just one piece.

Totems



Above: *Désir* (Relief Printing) Daisy Wiley

Right: *Buteo jamaicensis* (Intaglio, Screenprinting, handwork) Daisy Wiley

Far Right: *Ungrabbable* (Ink and Photoshop) Childberna

SERIES

Visit our blog to see three amazing art series.

Avians



Culture4Culture



GARDY

As a literature & arts magazine,
we know there's art all over this campus.
So we figured, why only talk about it once a semester?
**Check out our new blog series "Gardy in the Gallery"—
where staff members write about their experiences
visiting the on-campus art galleries.**



jmuGardyLoo.org/blog

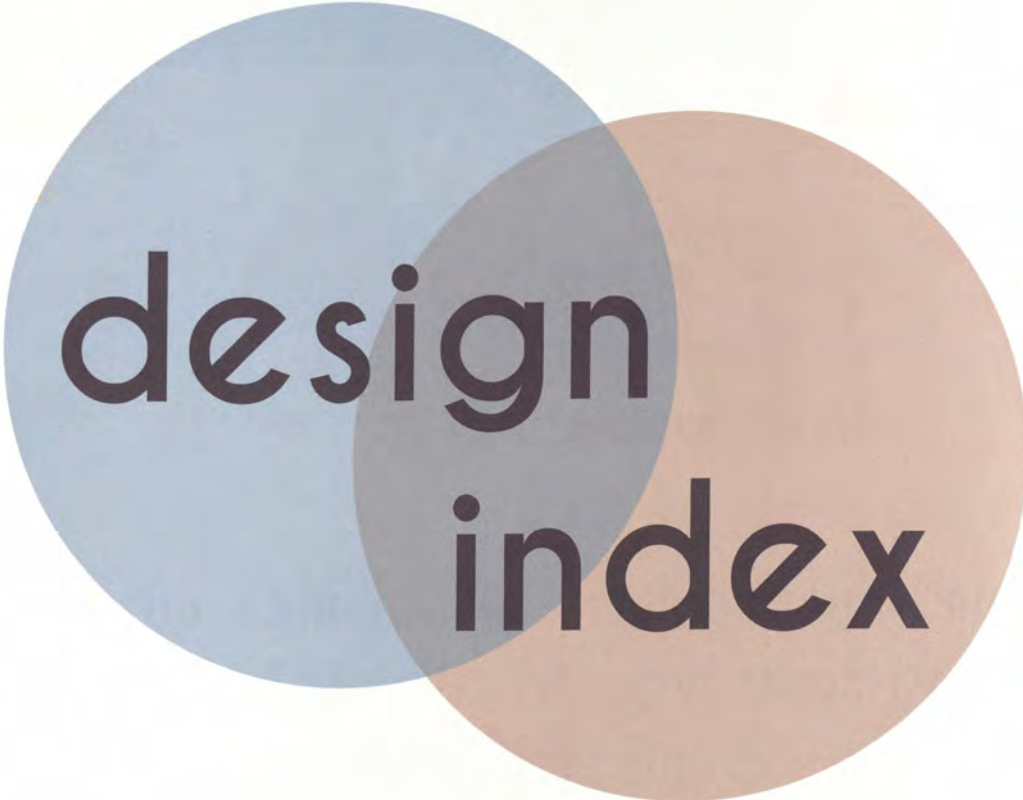
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IN THE

“Sometimes, great art comes when a friend nudges you in the right direction. Sometimes a mentor knows what your next artistic mission is before you do. Sometimes you build on something that someone else started and together you make something truly worthwhile.”

Read more at jmuGardyLoo.org/blog

LERY



design index

The names and numbers listed below are the designers of each set of pages. These staff members created the layout of these pages, but not the content.

v & vi	Aereen Lapuz	27 & 28	Samantha Webster
1 & 2	Marina Shafik	29 & 30	Catherine Carson
3 & 4	Ai-Ling Lu	31 & 32	Kathryn Walker
5 & 6	Kaitlyn Miller	33 & 34	Hannah Burgess
7 & 8	Rachel Owens	35 & 36	Isabella Lassiter
9 & 10	Rachel Owens	37 & 38	Rachel Owens
11 & 12	Ai-Ling Lu	39 & 40	Marina Shafik
13 & 14	Evan Nicholls	41 & 42	Rachel Owens
15 & 16	Samantha Webster	43 & 44	Katja Wisch
17 & 18	Erin Dober	45 & 46	Samantha Webster
19 & 20	Kaitlyn Miller	47 & 48	Aereen Lapuz
21 & 22	Emily Setelin	49 & 50	Kaitlyn Miller
23 & 24	Jazmine Otey	51 & 52	Aereen Lapuz
25 & 26	Kaitlyn Miller		

au revoir!

“Gardyloo” (one word) was originally used as a warning cry by chambermaids as they threw the contents of their chamber pots into the street. It might have come from the French *garde à l'eau* which means *look out for the water*.

Why did editors of the past pick it as their magazine name? We have no idea. But we like to think that it reminds us to keep looking up.